

# Selected Poetry.

Annabel Lee.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

It was many and many a year ago,  
In a kingdom by the sea,  
That a maiden there lived whom you may  
know  
By the name of Annabel Lee;  
And this maiden she lived with no other  
thought  
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,  
In this kingdom by the sea;  
But we loved with a love that was more  
than love,  
And Annabel Lee;  
With a love that the winged seraphs of heav-  
en  
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling  
My beautiful Annabel Lee;  
So that her high-born kinsman came  
And bore her away from me,  
To shut her up in a sepulchre,  
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,  
Went envying her and me—  
Yes!—that was the reason, (as all men know,  
In this kingdom by the sea,)  
That the wind came out of the cloud at night  
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love  
Of many far older than we—  
Of many far wiser than we—  
And neither the angels in heaven above,  
Nor the demons down under the sea,  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing  
me dreams  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright  
eyes  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the  
side  
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my  
bride,  
In the sepulchre there by the sea,  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

## Song of the Coquette.

Air—'O! I should like to marry!'

O! I shall never marry  
For money, love or fun!  
The men—Tom, Dick and Harry—  
Are traitors every one.  
They worship and adore us  
While maidens in our pride,  
The surer to control us  
When once the knot is tied.

Talk of a moon of honey,  
Of roses and so forth!  
Of making matrimony  
A paradise on earth!  
For such a mess of pottage  
Her thralldom who would weave?  
For love within a cottage  
A palace who could leave?

I do not care a copper  
For sentiment and love;  
It may be very proper  
For those who ape the dove.  
But such a bird as I am,  
Who roves as well as sings,  
Has got (sometimes to try 'em)  
A brilliant pair of wings.

Then I shall never marry  
For money, love or fun!  
The men—Tom, Dick and Harry—  
Are traitors every one.  
A little admiration,  
An innocent flirtation,  
Is just enough for me.

# Wit and Humor.

## An Unrecorded Incident of the Revolution.

At this season of the year—the recurrence of the anniversary of our national Independence—our thoughts naturally revert to the scenes and incidents of that time, when the souls of men were tried, there was, perhaps, no community more sorely "tried," than that in the middle part of North Carolina, in which Lord Cornwallis had his headquarters for some length of time; and as the vicinage of this great commander encouraged to deeds of sensual recklessness and cruelty, the Tory part of the citizens, it also stimulated to renewed valor, and more faithful vigilance the true and brave patriots of the country. The congregations of Alamance and Buffalo, under the pastoral charge of Dr. Caldwell, in Guilford county, consisted altogether of persons of the latter class; many of them served without pay, as volunteers, in various parts of the country, and all the men able to bear arms, were at some time or other—in fact most of the time—in service against the Tories or the British. Among these men was Colonel Daniel G., a tiger in war, true, brave and severe; and at one period, he commanded, as Captain, a company of his neighbors, who, with him, had formed a voluntary patrol to watch and chastise the Tories in the surrounding country.

Deep River, somewhere near the Randolph and Chatham line; and as the day was intensely hot, the neighborhood quiet, and the water inviting, Captain G. and his men hitched their horses on the margin of the pond, and prepared for a bath. In the meantime, the First Lieutenant, (a brother of the commander, equal in courage, but more of a wag,) was sent with several men to scout through the country, and hunt forage for the horses; and this precaution attended to, the major part of the company, with their gallant leader, plunged into the water and began to enjoy themselves hugely, and cut all sorts of aquatic capers. In the midst of their pleasant sports, however, a pistol shot was heard, and another and another, in quick succession; and in a moment after, there were shouts and screams, and then came galloping furiously back Lieutenant G. and his party, all in the wildest confusion, and desperately spurring their horses.—Almost in a twinkling the bold Captain was in his saddle; and following his example, some ran for their horses, while some struggled vainly to jerk on a shirt, or bundle up their unmentionables. There was no time, however, for etiquette, or attention to dress; old Captain G., sword in hand, scolded and belabored, and perhaps swore a little, riding hither and thither, and sometimes with the point of his weapon hastening, in double quick time, the mounting of his men. And so at last he had them on horseback, in battle order; and thus arrayed, some with only a shirt between them and the blazing sun, some with pants and no shirt, and some with a cap and pair of spurs, and some in a state of primitive nudity, the bold Captain himself in the latter predicament, with a face stern as that of Mars, gave the word to march, and off they went at a brisk canter, not an imposing array to look at, but a desperate body to encounter. Just at this moment the Lieutenant and his men, burst into a wild peal of laughter; the joke was instantly apparent to all, but it was near having a fatal termination. It was well for the Lieutenant that he was the Captain's brother; and it was well for his party that he had been at their head. Even as it was, the laugh, for some time, was all on one side, but after a while they all gave into the merriment; and so, what promised to be a bloody encounter, ended in a glorious frolic.

Those stern, brave men would have their fun. Peace to their ashes, all, and honor to their memory!—Raleigh Post.

An absent-minded editor having courted a girl and applied to her father, the old man said—  
"Well, you want my daughter—what sort of a settlement will you make? What will you give her?"  
"Give her," replied the other, looking up vacantly, "O! I'll give her a puff!"  
"Take her," replied the father.

A young urchin being severely reprimanded by his mother for saying "hell," remembered the chastisement, and on the following Sabbath when the minister in preaching used the word, leaped up and exclaimed, "By jings! if you had my mother to deal with, you wouldn't swear that way without getting licked, I know."

## Agricultural.

### From the Southern Cultivator.

#### Large Yield of Turnips.

At your request, I herewith send you my mode of culture of the turnip.  
I picked out a rich piece of bottom land that had not been cleared. The land was densely covered with trees, cane, briars, &c., &c. I put all hands to clearing it about the 8th of August, 1851—not leaving a tree or bush, and burning all the wood and brush on the land. As soon as I got about six acres cleared, I made three of my strongest fellows, with three mules and scoter plows, break up the land. As soon as they were through, I made them turn across and break it up again—making other hands take out all the roots, stumps, &c. that could be conveniently got out.  
I then, on the 21st day of August, commenced sowing the turnips broad-cast, and plowing them in shallow with scoter plows. The seed used on this ground was the 'seven top variety,' which were given to me by a lady in the neighborhood. I used a little over a quart of seed on the six acres of land. I finished sowing and plowing in on the 23d day of August. As soon as I finished, a storm of wind and rain came on, and there was no more rain for about two months.  
The crop was an abundant one—the turnips large and smooth. I had up sixty-two hogs to fatten for pork last fall. I made a negro man drive a wagon into the patch every day for two months or more, and fill the body with turnips, and drive them near the pen, where I had a large boiler arranged for cooking, which was kept constantly boiling. I used four bushels of meal to a wagon load of turnips, adding one quart of salt to each boiler full—my hogs fatted finely on this feed. I had about three acres of turnips that remained in the patch all the winter untouched, and there was turnip greens

enough to furnish the entire neighborhood the past spring. I have saved an immense quantity of the seed—more than I ever conceived could be saved from a turnip patch.  
It is proper that I should add that I used no manure on the land, and did not cultivate the turnips after they were sown. With rich new land, and it put in in good order, with good seed, and they properly put in the land, I will ensure an abundant crop of turnips any year for man and beast.  
I am your obedient servant,  
J. A. L. LEE.  
Columbus, Ga.

INFORMATION FOR FARMERS.—In agriculture, as in all other employments, if one would pursue it successfully, we should understand it, or in other words, have a thorough knowledge of its theory. That we may obtain that information, we should furnish ourselves with books of the best authors on that subject and at least, with one periodical devoted to agriculture, and study them attentively, and then we shall be prepared to perfect our knowledge by experience. There are, at this enlightened age, strong prejudices against book-farming, as it is termed. I pity the stupidity of the man who thinks that if we use books, we must shut our eyes against the light that is beaming upon us from all other sources. What is book-farming? It is learning by means of books, new facts, opinions, and the result of experiments, and different modes of operation, and we can use such parts of the information thus obtained as best suits our situations. If we would acquire the appellation of a good farmer, and so pursue the occupation as to make it pleasant and profitable, we must study its theory until we obtain a thorough knowledge of all its various branches. We must learn the nature and properties of soils, know their wants, and how to perpetuate their fertility. The study of agriculture as a science, and its pursuit as an enjoyment, I deem admirably calculated to produce individual happiness. It leads the mind away from the turmoil and bustle of many other pursuits, and places a reliance on individual exertions and the blessings of heaven. In the labor of the field, under the blue canopy above, when the breeze is pure and refreshing, there is that freedom from the cares and perplexities of the world, that is seldom enjoyed in any other pursuit.—Plough.

## Facts About Milk.

Cream cannot rise through a great depth of milk. If therefore, milk is desired to retain its cream for a time, it should be put into a deep narrow dish; and if it be desired to free it most completely of cream, it should be poured into a broad flat dish not much exceeding one inch in depth. The evolution of cream is facilitated by a rise, and retarded by a depression of temperature. At the usual temperature of the dairy, 60 degrees, Fahrenheit, all the cream will probably rise in thirty-six hours, but at 70 degrees, it will perhaps rise in half that time; and when the milk is kept near the freezing point, the cream will rise very slowly, because it becomes solidified. In wet and cold weather, the milk is less rich than in dry and warm; though not in thundery weather. The season has its effects. The milk, in spring, is supposed to be best for drinking, and hence it would be best for calves, in summer it is best suited for cheese; and in autumn—the butter keeping better than that of summer—the cows less frequently milked, give richer milk and consequently more butter. The morning's milk is richer than the evening. The last drawn milk of each milking, at all times and seasons, is richer than the first drawn, which is the poorest.

## Sunday Reading.

### To-morrow! To-morrow!!

One day the minister heard that his neighbor was sick, very sick. What, if he dies in his present state? thought the minister. He is an amiable man, a generous man; in many points of character a most excellent man; but, by his own confession, he is no christian; has never felt the power of God's converting grace upon his soul. Suppose he should die in his present condition! I must go and see him. Accordingly, taking his hat and cane, he called to see him. He knocked at the door; a servant opened it.  
"How is Mr. K.?"  
"Very sick, sir; please to walk in."  
The minister, led by the servant, entered the chamber. The curtains were down, and the room was darkened, and on the bed there lay his neighbor, scorched by a raging fever. Taking him kindly by the hand, "How do you find yourself this morning?" said the minister.  
"Very sick, sir," replied the neighbor.  
After a while the minister, in a subdued tone of voice, said, "Do you think, my dear sir, that you have made your peace with God? Should God see proper now to take you away, are you ready to go?"  
"Oh, sir," said the sick man, interrupting him, "I am in agony! Please to excuse me. Oh, my head! my head! I

cannot talk to you now. Please to call again."  
"When shall I call?"  
"To-morrow," said the sick man.  
The faithful man of God burst into tears, and retired. The next day he called again. The knocker was muffled—a bad sign; knocking gently at the door, the servant opened it.  
"How is Mr. K.?"  
"No better sir, please to walk in."  
The minister entered the chamber, and there was his neighbor still upon a bed of sickness.  
"My dear neighbor," said the minister, "how do you do this morning?" There was no response. The man was delirious now, and spoke in broken sentences, incoherently. The minister, leaning upon the top of his cane, looked at his neighbor, and the silent tear trickled down his cheek. He was about to rise up and go away, but the wife of the sick man exclaimed,  
"Oh, my dear pastor, won't you pray for my husband?"  
The prayer was offered, and the minister, taking the hand of his neighbor, said, "My dear friend, good-bye." Still there was no response. Alas! the sick man knew not that his wife was weeping at his bedside, and that his pastor had been praying for him. As the man of God was retiring, the affectionate wife followed him to the door, and, in parting, said,  
"My dear pastor, I am in great affliction, will you not be so kind as to call again?"  
"Madam," said he, "when do you think I had better call?" And she said, "To-morrow."  
"Oh, that to-morrow, that to-morrow! The associations were more than he could bear, and the man of God went weeping all the way returning to his home. The next morning he called again. The knocker was still muffled. He tapped gently at the door. The servant opened it.  
"How is Mr. K.?"  
"He is said to be worse, sir."  
"I would like to see him."  
"You can't sir. The doctor has just left, and he has given the strictest orders that nobody should enter the room but those who are waiting upon him. But here is Mrs. K."  
"Oh, my dear pastor, replied she, bursting into tears, "he is worse; I fear much worse."  
"I would like to see your husband, madam, a few moments."  
"I would be glad to have you see him, too," replied the afflicted woman; but our physician says that the crisis has come, and that the slightest excitement may prove fatal; but the doctor said that if his patient revived, he might be able to see you to-morrow."

Having received a message, about the going down of the sun, that his neighbor was still in a critical state, and too weak to be seen, the minister could scarcely sleep that night, so anxious was he about the salvation of his neighbor. The next morning, taking his hat and cane, he went early, to make at least some inquiry.—Tapping again gently at the door, the servant opened it.  
"How is Mr. K.?" was the anxious inquiry.  
"Oh, sir," replied the servant, "he is dead!"  
"DEAD!" exclaimed the minister;—"DEAD!"  
"Yes, sir, he died this morning at four o'clock."  
"God have mercy!" the minister was about to say, but it flashed upon him—it is too late now!

Dear procrastinating sinner! it is enough: I beseech you, don't say to-morrow any more! To-morrow! It may be too late forever! To-morrow's sun may shine upon your grave! Once lost you are lost forever! "Be wise to-day. 'Tis madness to defer."—Home & Foreign Record.

## Dora's Baptism.

BY MRS. CLARA J. HALE.

We stood beside the clear waters of a murmuring stream. The open sky was above us, the broad, green fields around. Hundreds were gathered about the water's edge, and upon the low, rustic bridge which the simple villagers had erected above it. It was a glorious day in autumn—a New England Autumn—when all nature looks double beautiful. A stillness was upon everything around. Not a breath disturbed the deep repose. Presently a young girl came forth among that waiting multitude. There she stood in almost angelic purity, beside the man of God who was to perform the ceremony of baptism. Dora Nelson had been my friend for years; together we had shared our childish sports—together were merging into womanhood. Beautiful she ever was, if purity of soul and sweetness of expression constitute beauty; but never had she seemed half so lovely, even to me, as at this moment. I watched her as preparations were making for the ceremony; she seemed almost too pure to be the centre of that gazing crowd. Instinctively I turned away, fearing my looks was profanation. Soon the voice of prayer arose from the preacher. He spoke as he should have spoken, touchingly and feelingly. He finished; and taking the hand of the

young girl within his own, together they descended into the waters.  
A beautiful sight was that young maiden, thus coming out from the world and giving herself to God. The very act seemed full of love, and purity, and holiness. The spectators almost held their breath in the very intensity of their gazing. Then was heard aloud the voice of the preacher, as he pronounced distinctly, 'Dora Nelson, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.' One sound upon the waters, and all was over.  
Then her sweet low voice broke forth in song. Others joined her, 'till all hearts seemed borne aloft on music's wings, even to the very gates of Heaven. I looked upward, almost expecting to see the heaven open, and the Spirit of the Dove descending to dwell upon that young Christian. Forgive the thought if it was irreverent; I could not help it. Never had anything in my past life appeared to me so purely solemn. It seemed, for the time, as though Christ was in our very midst—as though the age of miracles had returned.

When the young girl came forth from the waters she was joyfully received by her friends upon the shore. The same calm, holy expression sat upon her features, only more calm, more holy still. A benediction was pronounced, and the people dispersed; but never while life remains, will the remembrance of that scene pass from my mind. It is graven there, as one of the sweetest, loveliest, pictures upon which my eye has ever rested.  
I know not of Dora now. Time and distance have separated us, probably forever. But many a time comes her pure young face vividly before me. Again I hear her voice, again see her buried with Christ in baptism. God grant that her early vows may have kept pure in her heart from that time until now; and that thus they may be hereafter kept, till she meets her God in Heaven.

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